City of Lowell.

Semi-Centennial Exercises.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Compliments of

James C. Abbott,

Mayor.

EXERCISES

OF THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

INCORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LOWELL,

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886.

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Preliminaries.

A PREVAILING public desire that the approaching fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Lowell as a city should be observed in a fitting manner, took form in the chambers of the Common Council, on the evening of Jan. 11, 1886, in the following Joint Order, introduced by Councilman Lawrence J. Smith, and which was passed by both branches of the City Council, and approved by the Mayor, to wit: —

CITY OF LOWELL.

[SEAL]

IN COMMON COUNCIL, Jan. 11, 1886.

ORDER FOR A JOINT SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

ORDERED, If the Board of Aldermen concur, that a Joint Special Committee be appointed, consisting of the Mayor, two members of the Board of Aldermen, and four members of the Common Council, to consider the expediency of observing the fiftieth anniversary of the incorpo-

ration of the City of Lowell, said Committee to report to the City Council within four weeks.

In Common Council, Jan. 11, 1886.

Read and adopted; sent up for concurrence.

DAVID CHASE, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, Jan. 15, 1886.

Read and adopted, in concurrence.

SAMUEL M. CHASE, *City Clerk.*

Jan. 16, 1886. Approved.

JAMES C. ABBOTT, *Mayor.*

In pursuance of the above order, the following-named gentlemen were appointed to act as the Committee, to wit: —

Mayor:

JAMES C. ABBOTT.

Aldermen:

JEREMIAH CROWLEY. JAMES FRANCIS.

Councilmen:

LAWRENCE J. SMITH. ROSWELL M. BOUTWELL.
CHAS. H. RICHARDSON. CHAS H. HOBSON.

At a meeting of the Committee, Councilman Lawrence J. Smith was chosen chairman, and Councilman Chas. H. Hobson secretary.

On the evening of Jan. 19, 1886, and in behalf of the Committee, Councilman Lawrence J. Smith presented the following Joint Resolution, to wit: —

CITY OF LOWELL.

[SEAL]

IN COMMON COUNCIL, Jan. 19, 1886.

RESOLVED, By the Board of Aldermen and Common Council of the City of Lowell, in City Council assembled, as follows: That the Joint Special Committee, appointed to consider the expediency of observing the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the City of Lowell, be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to make all necessary arrangements for a public celebration of that event, April 1, 1886, and the expense attending the same be charged to the Reserved Fund.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, Jan. 19, 1886.

Read once, and ordered to a second reading.

DAVID CHASE, *Clerk*.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, Jan. 19, 1886.

Read a second time and passed; sent up for concurrence.

DAVID CHASE, *Clerk*.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, Jan. 19, 1886.

Read twice and passed, in concurrence.

SAMUEL M. CHASE, *City Clerk*.

Jan. 21, 1886. Approved.

JAMES C. ABBOTT, *Mayor*.

The Celebration.

THE morning of Thursday, April, 1, 1886, found our citizens astir to do honor to the fiftieth anniversary of the existence of Lowell as a city. The skies cleared away, giving promise of a fair day, and long before the hour announced for the opening of the exercises, the vast auditorium of Huntington Hall was filled by those anxious to participate therein.

The hall itself was a perfect bower of flowers, the front of the gallery being tastefully decorated with potted plants, the whole culminating with a perfect forest of hot-house plants on the stage. Bright-colored streamers and festoons of bunting vied with the natural colors of flowers, the whole making a picture very pleasing to the eye.

On raised seats and in front of the stage were seated the children of the public schools, numbering some four hundred, who, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Day, contributed many fine numbers in chorus.

Promptly at ten o'clock, Chairman Lawrence J. Smith ushered into the hall and to seats upon the stage His Honor Mayor Abbott, the various speakers and the invited guests, and the following were the morning exercises.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

City of Lowell.

1836-1886.

MORNING CELEBRATION,

At Huntington Hall Thursday April 1 1886, at 10 o'clock.

Music by a Chorus of Four Hundred Pupils of the Public Schools,

AND

THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRA

H. B. Day - - - - Conductor.

Program.

1. GRAND MARCH ..... *Kutschmer*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA

2. HYMN "America."

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies.
On Him we wait!
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

3. PRAYER.

REV. GEO. W. HOCKETT

4. CHORUS "A Welcome to All" ..... *C. M. von Weber*

The bright, rosy rays of the morning
Are welcome to earth and to sky,
And blossoms, the meadow adorning,
The welcome of spring ever share

For there to each heart is the greeting
Of gentle and loving ones here:
And sweet be the tones of our greeting,
And all that is sad and severe.

We come with the winds of morning,
We greet you with love's rallyon;
With laughter we come and caressing
While memory this hour shall foster.

With hearts that are ardent, humming
As gaily they sing for recall,
The voices are merrily chanting
A welcome to one and to all

A welcome a thousand kind welcomes to all!
A greeting, a greeting, a song and a smile!
A welcome to all.
Sweet rest and to all!

5 NATIONAL OVERTURE *B. Howe Owen*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA

6 ANTHEM "Sing we Merrily unto God" *H. W. Day*

Sing we merrily unto God with strength: make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Or sing your lustie measures all in prayse:
Or else unto God with a voice of melody;

For this is King of all the earth. Sing ye praises with understanding.
O Lord, our Governour, how excellent is thy name in all the world!

Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer, preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
The Lord Himself is thy portion of mine inheritance!
Thou shalt maintain my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places—
yea, I have a goodly heritage. He brought me forth into a place in safety, because He had found favor unto me.
O Lord, our Governour, how excellent is thy name in all the world!

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Alleluia's glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue! Amen.

7 SELECTION FROM "ERNANI" *Verdi*

GERMAN ORCHESTRA

8 CHORALE *Mendelssohn*

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is our guide;

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For since it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

9 ENTRÉE DES FÉE GNOMES *Offenbach*

GERMAN ORCHESTRA

10. CHORALE — *Martin Luther*

A sure stronghold our God is He, a trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free from every ill can happen.
A crowd of deadly foes on outward way opposes;
Base follies, fears, and cares, and sin daily surround her snares:—
How shall we flee from dangers?

Through our own force we nothing can, soon would we lost forever;
But for us fights the Proper Man, by God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be? Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord, God of the selfsame;
'Tis He must win the battle!

11 ADDRESS

MR. [illegible] CLASS

12 HYMN "Angel of Peace" — *Keller*

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our arms like the snow-hearted dove!
Fly to our arms on the wings of the dawn,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!

Brothers we meet on this altar to-day,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for Thee.
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the forest and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to Thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking peal!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

13. BENEDICTION.

REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL

Morning Exercises.

Grand March . . . . . *Kutschmer.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Address of Welcome.

THE CHAIRMAN, COUNCILMAN LAWRENCE J. SMITH.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Scholars of the Lowell Schools:

It is my pleasing duty as Chairman of the Committee on Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the City of Lowell, to welcome you here to-day. It has been deemed fitting by the Committee that this morning's exercises should be devoted in an especial manner to the schools of our city, and therefore our program this morning is made up mainly of songs of praise, to be rendered by the scholars of our public schools. The story of the growth, development, and material prosperity of our beautiful city has been assigned to the eloquent orator of the day. The story of the establishment and progress of our public schools has been placed in most worthy hands. These stories you will have the pleasure of listening to, and very little is necessary to be said by way of introduction.

That Lowell to-day, upon its fiftieth birthday, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, peopled by a happy, industrious, self-respecting, law-abiding community, is a fact patent to the world, and we have come here to rejoice in our prosperity. And while our present prosperity is due in a great measure to the enterprise, the application, and the inventive genius of the founders of our beautiful city, the school system which they in their wisdom established, and which has been fostered and improved with the city's growth, has been a most potent factor. To-day we have every reason to be proud of our schools. We have the testimony of our retiring superintendent that he leaves to his successor (who, I believe, commences his duties to-day), "as enthusiastic a corps of teachers as can be found in New England, or even in the United States, and some of the very best schools in the country." A rich legacy has been entrusted to our new superintendent, and we know it has fallen into most worthy hands.

Children of the public schools, the future of our city is in your hands. You have tenfold the advantages of your grandfathers. Make a wise use of those advantages, and many of you will have the happiness of celebrating Lowell's glorious centennial.

Hymn. "America."

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Prayer.

REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL.

Chorus. "A Welcome to All" . . *C. M. von Weber.*

The bright rosy rays of the morning
Are welcome to earth and to air,
And blossoms, the meadows adorning,
The welcome of spring ever share.

But dear to each heart is the greeting
Of gentle and loving ones here;
And sweet be the voice of our greeting,
And all that is sad disappear!

We come with true words of affection;
We greet you with love evermore;
And bright be each fond recollection
When memory this hour shall restore!

With hearts that are joyfully bounding,
As each pleasant face we recall,
Our voices are merrily sounding
A welcome to one and to all.

A welcome, a thousand kind welcomes to all!
A meeting, a greeting, so fond and so true!
A welcome to all,
Sweet welcome to all!

National Overture . . . . . *W. Alonzo Owen.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Anthem. "SING WE MERRILY UNTO GOD" . . *H. B. Day.*

SING we merrily unto God with strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.

O, clap your hands together, all ye people!

O, sing unto God with a voice of melody,

For God is King of all the earth. Sing ye praises with understanding.

O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the world!

Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer; preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

The Lord Himself is the portion of mine inheritance;

Thou shalt maintain my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places—yea, I have a goodly heritage! He brought me forth into a place of liberty; because he had found favor unto me.

O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the world!

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue! AMEN.

Selection. From "ERNANI" . . . . . *Verdi.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Chorale . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hand, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;

Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Patrol of the Gnomes . . . . . *Eilenburg.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Chorale . . . . . *Martin Luther.*

A SURE stronghold, our God, is He; a trusty shield and weapon.
Our help He 'll be, and set us free from every ill can happen;
A crowd of deadly foes our onward way oppose,
Base follies, fears, and cares, and Sin doth spread her snares —
How shall we flee from danger?

Through our own force we nothing can, straight were we lost forever;
But for us fights the Proper Man, by God sent to deliver.

Ask ye who this may be? Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord: sole God to be adored —
'T is He must win the battle!

Address.

C. C. CHASE, A. M.

On this anniversary occasion, and before the assembled schools of the city, I shall speak historically of Lowell, and especially of her public schools.

On the sixth day of March, 1824, in the private carriage of Hon. Kirk Boott, the first agent of the founders of the manufacturing establishments of our city, there came to Lowell the Rev. Theodore Edson, then a young clergyman, who had been employed by the directors of the Merrimack Company to "preach and perform pastoral duty to such persons in their employ as might desire it." It was he who became the founder and father of the school system of our city. On the twilight of the evening of Saturday, — the day of his arrival, — the carpenters were still at work on a new two-story building just erected on the lot now occupied by the Green Grammar School-house, the upper story of which was a hall, constructed by the company for religious worship, the lower story being designed for the first school established by the new manufacturing colony. On the next day, Sabbath, March 7, 1824, divine worship was held for the first time in Lowell, in the new hall, and the young clergyman preached to a crowded and attentive audience. It was not Lowell then, but a small village, called East Chelmsford, containing about six hundred inhabitants.

Very different then was the physical aspect of our city from that which now greets the stranger's eye. Swamps and bogs covered large portions of Market, Tyler, Charles,

Worthen, Anne, Kirk, and several other streets; and at the lower end of Market Street was an open pond of water. Woods covered a wide area, stretching far in the rear of the Green School-house. The reservoir heights in Belvidere were also covered with woods. In the rear of our post-office rose a considerable swell of land, which long ago was leveled down to fill the low marsh which then spread out where are now Anne and Kirk Streets and the vicinity. A pond filled the present site of our High School-house. One of our old citizens, still living, says he distinctly remembers the following remark of Hon. Luther Lawrence, second mayor of our city, in criticism of Doctor Bartlett, first mayor of the city, under whose administration the High School lot was purchased: "What do you think of a man who will locate a High School in a pond of water?"

The buildings, too, of those early days, may properly receive a passing notice. Most conspicuous, probably, were the first Merrimack mill and the boarding-houses adjoining. Next, on the swell of land behind our post-office, already mentioned, rose up the elegant mansion of Kirk Boott, with high columns in front and a fine lawn stretching down to the Concord River. At the junction of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers, where now stand the Massachusetts mills, was a hotel called the "Mansion House," kept by Capt. Jonathan Tyler, long a well-known citizen of Lowell. Over the Concord River, on the spot now occupied by the St. John's Hospital, rose conspicuous the spacious mansion of Judge Livermore, with its row of poplar trees. In the vicinity of St. Patrick's Church, east of the North Common, were ranged the low huts of the first Irish people of the city, some of which, after the fashion of the old country, had walls of mud and

were covered with slabs, with a barrel for a chimney. This settlement was familiarly called "the Acre." There were Mixer's Tavern on Central Street, from which the stages for Boston started, and Blake's Tavern, on Gorham Street, — two rival houses, the adjacent streets being conspicuously placarded, to make sure that the traveler did not put up at the wrong house. The stone house at the falls, — afterwards the residence of Dr. J. C. Ayer, — was then a hotel, and a favorite summer resort of the wealthy. Close by Pawtucket Falls, in the rear of the mansion of Frederick Ayer, Esq., was an old saw-mill, then the sole possessor and occupier of the vast power which these falls supplied. Overlooking the bluff, near the site of the hospital, was a red school-house, from whose windows the pupils looked out upon the rocks of Pawtucket. There was, also, on the Boston road, near the corner of Thorndike and Central Streets, another lonely building called the old red school-house. Here and there, also, were farm-houses, almost all of which have now disappeared.

General Butler, who first came to Lowell when ten years old, in 1828, has given us a lively description of the straggling and scattered village, when it first burst upon his view as he approached the place and stood upon Christian Hill, where now is the reservoir in Centralville. The General playfully mentions a large, spreading oak which stood at Tower's Corner, not far from the Washington House, under which, on the first morning after his arrival, he found for sale and ate the first oysters he had ever seen.

It is remarkable that almost every structure which I have mentioned has been removed, or has forever disappeared from our sight. Kirk Boott's elegant mansion is

now the hospital on Merrimack Street. Judge Livermore's mansion, known so long by many of us as the "old yellow house," is now an annex of the St. John's Hospital. The two-story house on the site of the Green School-house, in which Doctor Edson first preached and the first Lowell school was kept, is now on the west side of Cabot Street, between Merrimack and Salem Streets. The Mansion House Hotel, at the junction of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers, now stands on Salem Street, just above the residence of Mr. Patrick Dempsey; and the old mill at the falls, and the two old red school-houses, and the mud walls of the Irish huts on "the Acre," have long since passed away, or have lost their former names.

In giving the history of the Lowell schools, I hardly need to mention the old Chelmsford district schools, which had been established in the territory which is now the City of Lowell; for they bore only a very remote relation to the Lowell schools. They were soon absorbed in the school system of the new and enterprising manufacturing village.

The history of the Lowell schools properly begins when, in 1826, the first School Committee of the Town of Lowell, in addition to the Chelmsford school districts just mentioned, established two new districts for the especial use and benefit of the children of the manufacturing population of the rising village. These districts were known as No. 1 and No. 5. It was in this year (1826) that Lowell became an incorporated town. For about two years before this, a school had been sustained at the expense of the Merrimack Company, under the sole supervision of Doctor Edson, in the two-story building already mentioned. For the first few summer months the school was taught by

a lady. The first male teacher was Joel Lewis, a young man of much modest worth, who, after the service of about one year, entered into the employment of the Locks and Canals Company, and was greatly interested in the building of Mechanics' Hall. He died at the age of thirty-four years.

The first School Committee (chosen in 1826) consisted of some of the first men of the town, and they deserve more than the mention of their names. They were:—

1. Rev. Theodore Edson: a fearless man of iron will, who knew the right, and never shrank from standing alone. He justly deserves the title of founder and father of the school system of Lowell.

2. Warren Colburn: a graduate of Harvard College and afterward a teacher of a select school in Boston, who, though called to the important position of Superintendent of the Merrimack mills, still remained enthusiastic in the cause of education. A part of the labor of preparing the three mathematical works, which have made his name famous, was performed amidst his arduous duties in the service of the Merrimack Company. Doctor Edson, who was his intimate friend, affirms that Mr. Colburn's favorite science was that of teaching.

3. Samuel Batchelder: a many-sided man of high literary culture, a devotee of science, and above all possessed of the highest inventive genius.

4. Dr. John O. Green: whose venerable presence was but recently so familiar to us, a graduate of Harvard, a quiet man of sterling worth and of independent thought. To Doctor Green I owe a debt of grateful remembrance, for he was the Sub-committee of the High School when, in 1845, I entered upon my duty as principal of that school. He was my model School-Committee man. He faithfully

visited the school every week, and, in the most unobtrusive manner, observed its condition, and learned and supplied its wants. The teacher and the school had no firmer, truer friend. For many years Lowell honored itself by placing him upon her School Committee.

5. Dr. Elisha Huntington, for whom this hall was named: a graduate of Dartmouth College, a man of high social and literary culture, whose polished and graceful bearing, whose kind and affable nature, made him always a favorite of the people of Lowell.

To such men, in her earliest years, did Lowell intrust the precious interests of her public schools.

Let me here, in passing, call your attention to the remarkable longevity of these five men — the first School Board of Lowell. Mr. Batchelder died at the age of ninety-five years, Doctor Edson at the age of nearly eighty-nine years, Doctor Green at the age of eighty-six years, while Doctor Huntington lived out almost precisely the allotted three score years and ten, Mr. Colburn alone departing in the midst of his years.

The Town of Lowell continued the district system of schools from its incorporation in 1826, to the year 1832, when the graded system now in vogue was, amidst much contention and opposition, adopted. I ought, perhaps, to say to my younger hearers, that the district system consisted in having, in each territorial district, one school only, which was attended by pupils of every age and of every degree of advancement. I might also add, what was very often true, that under this system every pupil used as text-books such books as he saw fit to bring to school. Even in Lowell Doctor Edson tells us that in District No. 2, at the Falls, a pupil was sent to school with an arithmetic not approved by the School Board, and demanded

to be taught therein. Upon the refusal of the Board to allow this book to be used as a text-book, great offense was taken, and a lawsuit was instituted. An action of trespass was brought against the teacher, for refusing to teach the pupil; but the case never came to trial. This old district system was exceedingly defective, and it is only to be tolerated where the population is so thin and so scattered as to preclude the possibility of establishing graded schools like those of the present day in all our cities, in which different schools are established for pupils of different ages; and the text-books to be used and the courses of study are fixed by authority of the school board. But the old district school, with all its faults, is not to be despised. It was the school of our fathers. In it were educated the best and noblest men of America — men who have fought for our liberties and founded our free institutions. The great defect of these schools was an almost absolute want of system and of law. The school, from year to year, was simply what the master made it. As King Louis XIV said, "*I am the state*," so the district-school master could say: "*I am the school.*" The ruling power in them was usually the master, but sometimes the pupils. In the latter case, it only remained for the master to walk out, or to be carried out. I myself have seen a master take his hat and leave. The Rev. Warren Barton, who wrote the pleasant little book entitled "The District School as it Was," tells us of one of his masters of the name of Augustus Star. Master Star was a hard and cruel man. The boys rose in their might and rage and deposed him. They carried him bodily to the brow of a hill, whose sloping side was slippery as glass from being used by the boys in sliding down hill. Without sled or toboggan, the naughty boys shot Master

Star down, down the slippery way, while the wag of the school shouted: "*There goes a shooting star!*"

Mr. Sherman, formerly Mayor of Lowell, who attended the district school which held its sessions for about six years in the school-room on the site of the present Green School building (as already described), at our High School reunion in 1864, gave us some very amusing reminiscences of that school. "The time of the teacher," he says, "was about equally divided by drilling in Colburn's First Lessons and punishing the boys." One of the punishments consisted in sending the offending boys through a trap into the dark cellar, to remain till close of school. "We always had a good time down there," says Mr. Sherman, "the principal fun being see-saws, for which game some old planks and the wood-pile afforded us facilities, and so being sent into the cellar, like being compelled to sit among the girls, came to be denominated as *capital* punishment. One day, using the sticks of wood as levers, we removed one of the large stones in the wall at the rear of the building, and, after that, used to crawl out and roam over the woods and swamps, which extended westerly from the building up to 'the Acre.' It was an unlucky day for us when our master discovered our mode of egress — some boys not getting back from the woods in season to go up when called at the close of the half-day. Among the punishments resorted to, one was to require unruly boys to seize a long iron staple, fastened to the ceiling for holding up the stovepipe, and hang upon it with no other support; another, to hold out heavy books horizontally; another, to stoop down and, with the finger, hold down a nail in the floor; another, to have clothes-pins put astride the nose; and another, worst of all, to sit upon pointed sticks. Master Bassett, who

taught the school about three years, had ten or twelve of these stools of penitence, and would frequently have as many boys out on the floor at a time, bent in a sitting posture and balancing themselves upon the sharp ends of these sticks. These sticks were cone-shaped and about one foot high and three inches square at the bottom."

Those old district-school days, however, were far from being days of peace and harmony to the excellent School Committee. We, at this day, read with surprise the violent opposition made to the introduction into these schools of Colburn's First Lessons and other school-books prepared or recommended by Warren Colburn. This remarkable contest between the School Committee and the people I will describe in as few words as possible. The Swiss philosopher, Pestalozzi, had recently published to the world his new theories of the science of education. He taught that the understanding should take the place which memory had given; and that in giving instruction we should proceed from the concrete to the abstract, and not, as heretofore, from the abstract to the concrete. I can not, perhaps, more clearly give a popular view of this question than to propound and solve before you, by both the old and Pestalozzian methods, the following simple mathematical problem: —

"If 2 pounds of beef cost 40 cents, what will $\frac{3}{5}$ of a pound cost?"

By the old method we are taught to place the 40 cents as the third term, the $\frac{3}{5}$ pound as the second term, and the 2 pounds as the first term; then to multiply together the second and third terms and divide by the first, and, presto! we have the answer. Neither the old arithmetics nor the old teachers were wont to give any reason what-

ever, why this trick of legerdemain — this old "*Rule of Three*" — gave the true answer.

But Pestalozzi would teach us to throw aside all abstract rules and appeal directly in the following manner to the pupil's understanding: "If 2 pounds of beef cost 40 cents, 1 pound will cost half of 40 cents, *i. e.* 20 cents. If 1 pound cost 20 cents, $\frac{1}{5}$ of a pound will cost $\frac{1}{5}$ of 20 cents, *i. e.* 4 cents. If $\frac{1}{5}$ of a pound costs 4 cents, then $\frac{3}{5}$ of a pound will cost 3 times 4 cents, *i. e.* 12 cents," which is the result sought.

When I was a boy, I studied arithmetic according to the old method. I learned the rules and went strictly by them, and the answer came out as if by magic. I do not recollect that I ever recited a lesson in arithmetic, or gave a reason for any of my processes. I well recollect my surprise and embarrassment when a new master asked me the novel question, if I could tell why, in applying the "*Rule of Three*," the product of the last two terms divided by the first gave the true result. I was confounded; and, though I had studied arithmetic several winters, I had never thought of its being the province of a teacher to ask, or of the pupil to answer, any such novel questions.

The merits of the Pestalozzian theory of instruction are now so fully conceded that it is hard for us to believe that our fathers so angrily opposed the new philosophy, or that they should regard it as impertinent and unjust, that a pupil, who had obtained a correct answer by a rigid application of an abstract rule, should be called upon by the teacher to go beyond the rule and give a reason for his process.

As I have already said, one lawsuit even was instituted to avenge the violated honor of the old modes of instruc-

tion, and it required all the wisdom and forbearance of the excellent members of the Lowell School Board to reconcile the people to the new methods of instruction. Even teachers were sometimes found in the opposition, and Mr. Colburn himself sometimes took charge of a class in school, in order to exhibit the best method of applying the new and improved theory of instruction. So violent was the opposition, that when the Committee's report recommending the use of Mr. Colburn's books was laid before the town meeting, a motion was made and passed, that the report be *put under the table;* and then followed another motion, that the School Committee be put under the table. The moderator, however, refused to put the latter motion, as being, perhaps, somewhat too personal. So unwilling were our fathers to exchange a system which demanded the memory of abstract rules for one which awaked the thought and appealed to the understanding of the pupil.

It is remarkable how little thought our fathers were wont to put into their mathematical processes. Professor Quimby, of Dartmouth College, has told us of a man whom he discovered up in New Hampshire or Vermont, who professed the most intense enthusiasm for mathematical science. The Professor was delighted with his discovery. "Surely," thought he, "here was another example of the poet's mute, inglorious Milton." But the Professor's enthusiasm was somewhat dashed when, on one occasion, in discussing some abstract question in mathematics, his newly-discovered genius remarked that there was one thing he could never quite understand, and that was why, in addition, we must carry one for every ten. "But," added he decidedly, "you've got to do it, or the answer won't come out." The friendship of the two scholars was short-lived.

But the great historic conflict in regard to the Lowell schools occurred in 1832, when, after trying the district system for six years and learning its inadequacy to meet the wants of the people, the School Board resolved to establish, instead of the six district schools, two large, graded schools, completely classified after the manner of the graded schools of Boston and Newburyport. To accomplish this object required the erection of two large school-houses, at the expense of about twenty thousand dollars. To this proposition there arose, even among the first men of the town, a most determined and violent opposition. Mr. Kirk Boott, the most influential citizen of the town, protested that the town was already in debt and could not afford so great an outlay; that already sufficient and suitable provision had been made in the public schools for the poor; and as for the rich, they would never patronize the public schools, but would for their children seek better modes of instruction. Hon. Luther Lawrence, afterward Mayor; Hon. John P. Robinson, the most talented lawyer of the town, and other leading men, arrayed themselves against the School Board. At the town meeting called to take action upon the expenditure of twenty thousand dollars for erecting two large school buildings for graded schools, in a long, protracted, and violent discussion, Doctor Edson, single-handed and alone, advocated the expenditure and triumphed over all opposition by a majority of eleven votes. Almost immediately another town meeting was called, in order, if possible, to rescind this vote. Lawrence and Robinson, both eminent lawyers, appeared in opposition, but there was no flinching, and Doctor Edson still triumphed by a majority of thirty-eight votes.

The opposition surrendered; and the two school build-

ings, now known as the Edson and the Bartlett School-houses, were erected. Such was the inauguration of our present system of graded grammar schools.

It was with evident and justifiable pride that Doctor Edson, in his address delivered in 1848 at the opening of the Colburn School, records the fact that within thirteen months after this violent contest was ended, upon the visit of Henry Clay and Governor Lincoln to Lowell, both Mr. Boott and Mr. Lawrence waited upon these distinguished men into the South School (now Edson), and showed them the schools in very successful operation. The Doctor's victory was complete.

I have but a brief space in closing to devote to the history of individual schools. Of the grammar schools, the most interesting and best preserved record is that of the Edson School. The history of this school reaches back almost to the incorporation of Lowell as a town. Its name has several times been changed. First it was known as the district school of District No. 5, its earliest teacher being Miss Anna W. Hartwell of Littleton, whose humble salary was one dollar and ninety-three cents per week and board. She was an amiable and accomplished lady. Her term of service was short, but it was long enough for her to capture the heart of a member of the School Board, Hon. J. S. C. Knowlton, editor of the *Lowell Journal* and one of the first citizens of the place. Mr. Knowlton subsequently removed to Worcester, where he became State Senator, Mayor of the city, and Sheriff of his county. The second teacher of the school was Joshua Merrill, Esq., who for many years bore an honorable name as an instructor, and whose venerable form is still familiar to us. To him I am indebted

mainly for the history of the Edson School. Mr. Merrill began to teach on Nov. 5, 1827, in a small house standing on Middlesex Street, near the spot on which the Free Chapel now stands. He had at first about seventy-five pupils, on the humble salary of six dollars and twenty-three cents per week, out of which he paid his own board. It was in truth a day of small things. But Master Merrill was a man of the right mettle, and he entered upon his work with enthusiasm and hoped for better things. And better things came; for in 1830 he received the munificent salary of three hundred dollars per year, with which he was so contented and so happy that he took to himself a wife, whom he felt abundantly able to support, and who still lives to cheer and bless his declining years. Let me again, in passing, speak of the small house in which Mr. Merrill first taught. It was originally designed and used as the counting room of the Hamilton and Appleton Companies. It was the building occupied by our High School when it was first opened in December, 1831, under the principalship of Thomas Clark, now Bishop of Rhode Island. The building was long since removed, and it is now on the south side of Middlesex Street, and is the third house west of Howard Street. It has been enlarged and raised upon a brick basement and divided up into several small tenements.

In November, 1829, the Edson School, still under Master Merrill, took possession of the new school building now known as the Free Chapel, and was called the Hamilton School, from the part which the Hamilton Company bore in sustaining it. The school-room was a curiosity. It had been finished under the direction of Mr. Beard, a member of the School Board, who in architecture at least, was an original genius. The pupils sat

with their backs towards the teacher. Master Merrill was obliged to occupy a sort of high pulpit, for when he stood down upon the floor he could barely see the heads of the larger pupils rising above the tall desks. The benches were sanded, to protect them from being cut by the boys, but the rough surface made such havoc with the clothes of the children, that the mothers compelled Mr. Beard to remove the sand and re-paint them. The apparatus for heating had this remarkable peculiarity, that the aperture through which it was expected that the hot air from the furnace would enter the school-room, simply conveyed a current of cold air from the school-room out into the chimney. After running the furnace day and night for some time in vain, a stove for burning wood was substituted in its place, and all was quiet again.

Many a fierce battle about text-books, discipline, etc., did Master Merrill wage in those troublous times, but he was sustained by the School Board, and he firmly held his position. He accepted the situation, and when he could not do what he would, he cheerfully did what he could. When he could not ride, he was contented to go afoot.

On the 23d of February, 1833, the school moved into the building now known as the Edson School, where it was made a graded school and was first known as the South Grammar School, then as the First Grammar School, and finally as the Edson School. The latter name is surely most appropriate, for this is one of the two graded schools for the establishment of which Doctor Edson (as I have already related) so persistently and so bravely fought. Master Merrill continued the teacher, with a salary at first of five hundred dollars, which was

subsequently from time to time increased. Mr. Merrill resigned his position in 1845, and was succeeded by Mr. Perley Balch. In 1870, Mr. Balch was succeeded by Mr. Ira Waldron, who, in 1872, was followed by Mr. Calvin W. Burbank.

The Bartlett School next claims our attention. I have already given a brief account of this school in its earliest years, when it occupied the two-story building erected by the Merrimack Company, on the present site of the Green School-house. It was then called the Merrimack School, and was first taught for a short time by a lady, who was paid by the Merrimack Company, and who was succeeded by Mr. Joel Lewis, who, after a service of about one year, was succeeded, in 1825, by Mr. Alfred N. Bassett, from Atkinson, N. H., the teacher of whose peculiar modes of punishment Mayor Sherman has given the account, which I have just read to you. Mr. Bassett resigned in 1829. His successor, Mr. Walter Abbott, of Milford, N. H., taught only one year, and was followed by Mr. Reuben Hills, of Hancock, N. H., who was the teacher of the school when it was removed into the house which it now occupies, in 1833, and became a graded school, known as the North Grammar School. Mr. Hills resigned in 1835. Mr. Jacob Graves was the principal of this school from 1835 to 1841, and again from 1843 to 1847; Mr. G. O. Fairbanks, from 1841 to 1842; Mr. O. C. Wright, from 1842 to 1843; Mr. J. P. Fisk, from 1847 to 1856; and Mr. Samuel Bement, from 1856 to the present time. This school was one of the two graded schools for which Doctor Edson fought in 1832, and it received the name of Bartlett School, in honor of Dr. Elisha Bartlett, the first Mayor of Lowell,—a man of such exalted character that I might perhaps call him

not only the first Mayor of Lowell, but also the first citizen of Lowell.

Our High School was opened in December, 1831, as I have already said, under the principalship of Thomas Clark, now Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island, and in the small building on Middlesex and Elliott Streets, in which Mr. Merrill first taught. Doctor Clark was then only nineteen years of age, and the house was so small and the teacher so young, that the Bishop once remarked, in this hall, that the reasons why he flogged his boys so seldom were — first, the house was too small for the operation, and, second, he was afraid the boys would turn round and flog him! For a long time the High School lived a very nomadic life. We find it first in the lower room of what is now the Free Chapel, on Middlesex Street; next, in the upper room of the present Edson School-house; next, in Concert Hall, which was near the site of the store of Hosford & Co.; next, in the present Bartlett School-house; next, in the attic of St. Mary's Church, on Suffolk Street, now used for a parochial school; next, for a second time, in the Free Chapel. Thus, for its first nine years, like the ark in the wilderness, it wandered from place to place, till at last, in 1840, it pitched its moving tent on Kirk and Anne Streets, where for forty-five years it has enjoyed a peaceful, quiet home. Its first teacher, Bishop Clark, who served from 1831 to 1833, still lives; next followed Rev. Dr. Nicholas Hoppin, who served from 1833 to 1835 — of whose death we have recently heard; — next, for a short time, Mr. William W. Hall; next, Mr. Franklin Forbes, from 1835 to 1836, who became agent of Lancaster Mills, and died in 1877; next, from 1836 to 1841, Mr. Moody Currier, now Governor of New Hampshire; next, from 1841 to 1842, Mr. Nehemiah Cleveland,

who devoted his last years to literary pursuits, and died at Westport, Conn., in 1877; next, Mr. Forbes a second time, until 1845, when my own term of service of thirty-eight years began,—a service almost three times as long as that of all my predecessors. Mr. F. F. Coburn succeeded me in 1883.

And here I find my allotted time is all exhausted, while my theme is but just begun. All of the primary and most of the grammar schools must be left unmentioned. For the last forty years the Lowell school system has been so well established, and so uniform and successful in its operation, that a minute history of all the schools would be monotonous and dull. The beginnings of institutions, the early clash of opinions, the conflict of theories not yet tried and proved—*these* are what afford us lively and interesting history. Well has a blessing been pronounced upon the country whose annals are dull. Peace and prosperity have few historic charms. Turmoil and revolution, wars and convulsions, are what give piquancy to history. When all goes well, what is there to be said? The record of all the other grammar schools is but a transcript of the record of the Edson and Bartlett Schools, after the early contentions had ceased, and their character was fixed, and they had found a peaceful and abiding home.

To any one, however, who desires to read a complete history of all our grammar schools, I have only to say, "Is it not recorded in the chronicles of Alfred Gilman, Esq., a learned scribe, well skilled in ancient lore?" To these faithful, unpublished chronicles, to which the author has politely given me access, I refer you all.

I must also pass over all further mention of my own

service in the schools of Lowell. It was to me a pleasant service, and it has left in my heart many delightful memories. Still it was quiet and uneventful, and I deem it a felicity that there is so little to be said about it.

Hymn. "Angel of Peace" . . . . . *Keller.*

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song, —
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, —
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love, —
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie, and breath of the sea, —
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky! —
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,
Let the loud tempest of voices reply, —
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! —
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain.

Benediction.

REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL.

After the morning exercises were brought to a close, the invited guests were escorted to the Merrimac House, where dinner was served.

The interval after dinner was made pleasant by the reunion of many who had not looked in each others' faces for years, and many were the stories of the struggles, the triumphs, and the defeats which these meetings drew forth.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

City of Lowell.

1836-1886.

AFTERNOON CELEBRATION,

At Huntington Hall, Thursday, April 1, 1886, at 2 o'clock.

MUSIC BY THE APOLLO QUARTET,

AND

THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

L. W. HARDY, Director.

Program.

1. OVERTURE. "Romantic" . . . . . *Keler-Bela*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

2. ADDRESS.

HON. JAMES C. ABBOTT, President of the Day.

3. PRAYER.

REV. OWEN STREET, D. D., Chaplain of the Day.

4. QUARTET. "Hark, the Merry Drum."

APOLLO QUARTET.

5. GAVOTTE. "Charming" . . . . . *Le Thiere*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

6. SOLO. "Let All Obey" . . . . . *Stephen Leach*

DR. F. R. RIX.

7. POEM.

LIEUT. E. W. THOMPSON.

8. FANTASIA. "Visions in a Dream" . . . . *Lumbye*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

9. SOLO. "I Am Waiting."

DR. W. B. REILLY.

10. ORATION.

HON. FREDERIC T GREENHALGE

11. QUARTET. "Old Folks at Home" *Arr. by Rix*

APOLLO QUARTET.

12. WALTZ. From "The Black Hussar" *Millocker*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

13. BENEDICTION.

THE CHAPLAIN.

A SOCIAL LEVEE AND RECEPTION

In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock.

MUSIC BY THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Afternoon Exercises.

AT two o'clock, Chairman Smith was again at his post. His Honor the Mayor, members of the City Government, and invited guests were provided with seats on the stage, together with the orator, poet, and chaplain of the occasion. The following were the exercises constituting the afternoon program.

Overture. "ROMANTIC" . . . . . *Keler-Bela.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Introductory Address.

THE CHAIRMAN, COUNCILMAN LAWRENCE J. SMITH.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

IN behalf of the Committee of Arrangements I extend to all a hearty welcome. We have assembled to do honor to and to celebrate as best we can the fiftieth anniversary of our city, and to rejoice at our present prosperity; and I trust that the entertainment that we have prepared to commemorate the event will prove to be entertaining and

instructive. We have prepared a program that the Committee fondly hope will fittingly commemorate the occasion; and now, ladies and gentlemen, without any further remarks, allow me to introduce His Honor the Mayor, the President of the Day.

Address.

HON. JAMES C. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the City of Lowell I cordially welcome you to the celebration of our incorporation as a city.

In 1836, government by a mayor and council was substantially an experiment in Massachusetts. Boston, after one hundred and seventy years of agitation of the project, had been incorporated as a city in 1822. There were seven thousand voters in Boston, and it became impossible, with such a body, to do business properly in town meeting; with great reluctance the town government was abandoned, and a city charter accepted. The next places to become cities were Salem and Lowell, incorporated seven days apart in 1836.

The old New-England town government was, and is, the most successful and the purest form of democracy the world has ever seen. From the *Mayflower* down to the present time that sort of government has been dear to Massachusetts people. They believed, for years, in the equal and thorough distribution of authority and responsibility in both Church and State. Everybody was to have the right to participate in the administration of both, and everybody had a duty which he was bound to perform for both. In order to enjoy, with certainty, that right, and to discharge effectively that duty, they thought it nec-

essary that every voter should have a direct voice in the management of local affairs. Most of the people in the old Commonwealth in 1820 believed very much in two things: congregational government and the "town meeting." The minority, who believed in episcopacy in church matters, were fervent supporters, nevertheless, of town meetings; so the new city charters were regarded by many as unnecessary.

After fifty years of trial, it is safe to say that the management of municipal affairs by a mayor and council as representatives of the people — who elect them, so far as Lowell is concerned — has been a successful experiment. As a matter of fact, at the present time, there is a tendency to concentrate, still further, power and responsibility in city matters. The mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Boston have been invested with authority, compared with which that delegated to Boston's first mayor was a shadow. The defects of municipal government in cities, which does not exist in the towns, are not due to the form of government, but to the density and extent of the population. It needs no discussion to demonstrate this. Every thing that is done by the City Council of Lowell is done in the full light of the abundant publication and criticism of the local newspapers, issued every working day in the year. Nothing can be done in a corner; nothing can be hid. In twenty-four hours after a meeting of the City Council, every act is known and approved or condemned by sixty-five thousand people. As long as a majority of the voters want honest and wise measures at the city hall there will be nothing else. When the majority want any thing else, no form of local government, depending on the will of the majority, will save us from ruin.

During these fifty years, as a city, we have prospered.

That prosperity has not been without an occasional check. Lowell has, at times, with the rest of the country, suffered "depression." We have had our years of plenty, but no years of famine; only years of diminished abundance. Within the memory of men before me, who are not old, the stocks of our great manufactories were held entirely outside of Lowell. The real employers of our people were, almost exclusively, absentees. I mention this not by way of complaint. The founders and owners of these mills were our benefactors; the wages paid by them have been the life-blood of our city. To-day it is true and gratifying, that a large and respectable interest in the Lowell mills is held in Lowell. I need not call the roll of successful business men, of thrifty manufacturers, whom we have all known. What considerable failure has there been among them all? What dishonored names do you remember? Think over the list of our tradesmen, our merchants, our master mechanics, contractors, owners of shops and manufactories, and all those employers of labor outside of the original, great incorporated companies, and tell me, has not their word been as good as their bond? Compare Lowell, in business matters, with other cities of America, I care not whether they are greater in population or less: Go where you will in the broad land, you may find some richer places, but you will find, in the fulfilment of business promises and the payment of business obligations, no place with a fairer record than plain, old-fashioned Lowell. Consider the great mass of our people: Where in the wide world, for so many years, have so many wage-workers lived in health, in thrift, in virtue and happiness, and, withal, in peace and harmony with their employers, as right here in Lowell?

I need not remind you of the enormous aggregate sums

deposited by our people in the savings banks; I need not describe to you the dwellings in which you live; I need not allude to the luxuries so many of you enjoy, nor to the comforts you all possess; you have indeed prospered, and, after fifty years of labor, there is wealth in Lowell, and wealth honest and well distributed.

In every department, maintained for the public comfort, the public health, the public safety, and the public education, Lowell has done that of which she may well be proud. Property is protected by a police force and a fire department second to none. There is no purer water for domestic use supplied to any city in the United States. Our schools, and the jewel of popular education, have been guarded as the foundation of the free government which our fathers created, and which we will ever maintain. For our charitable institutions, private as well as public, we need not blush even in this humane and benevolent age.

These are our victories "of peace," no less renowned than those of war; and, besides, Lowell has a heroic history, to which, on this occasion, we may turn with mingled sadness, exultation, and patriotic pride. Almost in the middle of the last half-century, twenty-five years ago this month, in the great war for national unity, the first volunteer major-general and the first volunteer soldiers on the Union side marched from Lowell. From the veins of these soldiers the first blood was drawn. Throughout all that civil war, so deplorable in itself, and so glorious in its results, there was no city or town in the North more prodigal of its best and bravest blood than was Lowell. One seventh of our population, at that time, was in the field and on the sea. Your contribution to national unity and permanence was costly; it was munificent.

In 1830 the population of Boston was less than that of Lowell to-day, and its entire property valuation was just about the same as ours to-day. Should Lowell expand, develop, and improve for another half-century, in the ratio and proportion of the past, how mighty a city, with its suburbs, will fill this valley and the region roundabout! But what the future has to unfold, belongs to the department of the imagination, — to the orator and the poet.

I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, on the arrival of this anniversary. I welcome you and our invited guests to the exercises of this day.

Prayer.

REV. OWEN STREET, D. D., CHAPLAIN OF THE DAY.

Great and eternal God, the Author and Upholder of the vast universe, who hast in Thine hand the affairs of worlds and all their inhabitants, we adore Thee to-day as the Sovereign Ruler of this world and of the nations of the earth, to which Thou hast appointed their place upon the chart of time, and their boundaries of river, and mountain, and sea, with their fertile plains, and valleys, and hillsides; their varied industries and their cities; their rulers, their judges, their senates, their seats of learning, their churches, and their schools; their families and their individual citizens. We worship Thee as ever the same, while change after change marks the course of human affairs and our generations come and pass away. We give Thee our praise to-day as the gracious Founder and Preserver of our nation, the God of our fathers, whose kind hand of providence carried them, and has carried us, safely through the revolutions and dangers of the past. We adore Thee as the keeper of our cities,

without whom the watchman watcheth in vain. We praise Thee that Thou didst call into existence this fair city of ours; that Thou didst plant it upon its strong foundations between the rivers; that Thou hast poured down from the clouds the waters that have flowed through these channels, and given their mighty strength and service to human industry through all these fifty years which we here to-day review. We praise Thee for the ability, the energy, the wisdom, and public spirit of the men whom Thou didst so graciously endow to lay these foundations and to build thereon. We praise Thee for these institutions, begun by them and put to the proof in succeeding years, so that we are able to look upon them as our goodly heritage. We praise Thee that Thou hast during these years given us so many who were competent to succeed to these trusts, and who have proved themselves faithful and true, and have brought forward into our hands so much that is rich in promise for the present and the future.

And now, upon this day of our half-century celebration, we offer our earnest prayer to Thee, the God of our fathers, for the complete and large fulfilment of the promises that we are permitted to read in all that Thou hast hitherto done for us. Graciously continue to bless us in our rulers. Let Thy favor abound to Thy servant, the Mayor of this city. May all his highest and best aspirations for the good of the people, for the prosperity of our institutions, for the growth of our intelligence and virtue, win the smile of heaven, and hasten on to their accomplishment. Endow with Thy wisdom those who are associated with him in the government of the city, that they may be enabled to strike out better and still better plans for the conservation of all that is good and the suppression of all that is bad. Bless us in and through

the faithful guardianship of the police of our city, and our courts, — especially the tribunal that is nearest to our city life, — that the humane and just intent of the law may not fail; that crime may receive its due, and the lives and welfare of our families and citizens may be protected. Graciously endow with wisdom, and prudence, and discretion the guardians of our public system of education, and the teachers appointed by them, that our schools may do the best that can be done through them for the young. May our churches, of every name, and their pastors, be divinely led, that they may lead the people into all truth and righteousness; that through them the Sabbath may be kept from profanation and become more and more a blessing to our city. May our great enterprises of industry be prospered and deserve and hold the confidence and best wishes of those who are employed by them. May our merchants be prospered in a growing traffic, that shall illustrate more and more the principles of even-handed virtue and the great law of righteous interchange that should rule among a Christian people. May labor in every useful department become more remunerative, and the homes of those who labor more contented and happy. May health abound in our city, and the voice of innocent mirth, and joy, and gladness be heard in all our dwellings. May immoralities of every form and every grade be discountenanced, and that righteousness which exalteth a nation be the stability of our time.

May the cities of our Commonwealth advance steadily in all that is good, and our nation go on to fulfil a destiny that shall be full of blessing to the world. May the governors and rulers of our States, the President of our nation, and all that are in authority, be strengthened

for all that is good and prospered in their efforts to promote the welfare of the people.

And thus, through all our cities and towns, our States and Territories, and by means of our enterprises by sea and land, and the influence of our citizens throughout the world, the good time be brought on apace when mankind shall seem, and shall be, one common brotherhood — the faithful sons and daughters of our own common Father and God.

And unto Him that is able to do for us all that we ask, and far above and beyond all that we ask or think, — unto the only wise God, our Creator and our Redeemer, with the ever-blessed Spirit, be praise throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Quartet. "Hark, the Merry Drum."

APOLLO QUARTET: F. R. Rix, W. B. Reilly, Philias David, Jr., C. E. Mitchell.

Gavotte. "Charming" . . . . . *Le Thiere.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Solo. "Let All Obey" . . . . . *Stephen Leach.*

DR. F. R. RIX.

Poem. "The Song of the Loom."

LIEUT. E. W. THOMPSON.

On sprays of birches the pearls of rain
Gather, and fall, and gather again,
To mingle at last in the silver rills
That sing on the breasts of the granite hills,—

Sing of the springs that bubble and flow;
Sing of the crystals of mountain snow;
Sing of the cloud that crowns the height
When the overflow of the sunset light
On the dark of the nimbus paints the bow
Of the meteor arch in prismy glow.
In æons past the song was sung,
Ere man had birth and the world was young.
From the mountain side to the ocean sand,
In a rhythm tuned by the Master's hand,
The song of Nature was sung alone,
By a chorus of pearls to art unknown.
The northern springs are as clear to-day,
The rain-drops shine with as pure a ray,
And the crystal snow gleams white as when
First they shone on the eyes of men.
But the river that bears to the far-off sea
The liquid pearls from the treasury
Of the "Lake of Isles," is held in thrall
By the art of man to rise and fall;
While its music dies in the wheel-pit's gloom,
And the song is drowned in the song of the loom.

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
Thrice in a second within the shed
Of the warp is laid the filling thread.
To the beating reed the heddles sing,
And the iron frames in chorus ring.
Warp and weft; while round and round
The turning beam the web is wound.
In triumph strain, in a march that plays
Through the ringing clamor of ringing days,
While captive Nature turns the wheel,
The notes are struck on chords of steel.
And this is the song of the busy room,
"The triumph of art is the fruit of the loom."

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
Scarcely threescore years have flown,
But a town has flourished, a city grown,
Since first the pearls of the northern hills
Sped my song in the echoing mills.
Now to the strength of the captive stream
Is added the giant arm of steam.
Higher and higher the strain has soared,
Wealth in the lap of Art has poured,
Law, and order, and learning meet,
Business throbs in the busy street.
Rise homes of comfort and spires that tell
The temples of worship. All is well.

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
"Dwell in the lay," O shuttle mine!
Pause one beat in the cadenced line!
There were days when my song was still,
Days of dread, when each silent mill
Stared from its windows and only saw
The fear and sorrow born of war;
Saw men who had walked their busy floors
Marching away from their clos-ed doors,
With stern, set faces, to join the strife,
To battle and die for the Nation's life,
To write on the future yet to be—
"Labor is loyal, it shall be free."

Flying, flying, to and fro,
Backward and forward my shuttles go.
Fifty years my song I have sung
Since the natal bells of the city rung.
And that song to-day is a song of pride,
For in every land, on the ocean wide,
Its name is known; in every mart
Is stored the product of its art;

And where the record of men you find
Who have served their country and their kind,
With sword or pen, with voice and heart,
Lowell has there an honored part.
By busy mills that sing and sing,
By engine-stroke and anvil's ring,
It has writ in fabric, and steel, and wood—
"Art is the handmaid of human good."

Fantasia. "Visions in a Dream" . . . . *Lumbye.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Solo. "I Am Waiting."

DR. W. B. REILLY.

Oration.

HON. FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE.

Mr. Mayor, Friends, and Fellow-Citizens:

As I enter upon the honorable duty assigned me by your courtesy and partiality, I am impressed by a profound sense of how much of whatever tends to give comfort and inspiration to life I owe to the City of Lowell, — its institutions and its influences; — and I rejoice that this occasion affords me an opportunity of offering humbly and fervently a tribute of earnest gratitude to the city of my affections, my memories, and my hopes.

As I have said, the duty I am to perform is an honorable one; it is to me something more — it is a duty welcome, agreeable, and full of interest, because it requires me to review — cursorily, it is true — a cycle of municipal history marked by a development and a prosperity little short of marvelous.

A wise physician, who was still in the freshness of manhood, but who had learned how uncertain human life was, and what perils and vicissitudes it must encounter, and through what wonderful experiences it must pass every moment, stated his age in these words: "For my life, it is a miracle of thirty years." How much greater a miracle we are called upon to contemplate to-day — a half-century of the life of a great community, comprehending thousands and tens of thousands of individual lives, with all their countless experiences! And at the outset, how strange and mysterious seems the transition by which, in little more than fifty years, a rude Indian fishing village, maintaining a precarious existence by the scanty means possessed by a barbarous people, has given place to a community considerable in numbers, progressive, thriving, and intelligent; controlled by morality, inspired by religion, and rejoicing in all the "glorious gains" of learning and art! The wigwam of the savage, the type of one epoch, has vanished; the type of another epoch rises before us in all the beauty of proportion, combining strength, symmetry, and airy grace, — the great Merrimack chimney, — illustrating no bloody conquest, no freak of art, but, as it towers above and yet aids constantly the toiling city at its base, proclaiming by day and night, to the morning and the evening, a truth charged with more of blessing to humanity, to you and to me, than the tower of Pisa, or the column of Trajan. And what mighty force, or what gracious power, brought about this wonderful change? It was industry; yes, industry throned at the confluence of our shining rivers, that, with Christ-like touch, transmuted the water of barbaric life into the wine of civilization and progress.

And the community whose history we are contemplating

is one of no ordinary character; and at the beginning it entered upon a daring experiment. The building of the first factory in Lowell was an event of more than local importance. That event was a revelation to America, a revelation to the world. It was a declaration of industrial independence scarcely less momentous in its results than the declaration of political independence in 1776. I know that the preliminary draft of this declaration was made at Waltham, but it was here in Lowell that the principles of the declaration were adopted, put in action, and published to the world. In the glimmering dawn of Lowell's history could be seen the promise of a prosperity which would soon diffuse its warmth and radiance over the whole country. In the founding of Lowell was involved the founding of many other manufacturing communities, based upon the intelligent and philosophic plan adopted here; and even in our earliest day, it needed no prophet's eye to look into the future and to see the airy circlet, jeweled with prosperous cities, which would soon crown the stern forehead of New England.

As we look at the great fact which we call Lowell, and mark the influences radiating from it, the results, direct and indirect, of its establishment, we are impelled to trace back the stream of events to its source; to analyze this progress and prosperity, and discover its original elements; to find the far-away solitary springs of thought and action, the results of which are spread before us now. I am told that among all the treasures of art and beauty in Florence, the works of sculptor and painter, the marvels of palace and church, the images of statesman, captain, and saint, there is one grand figure in the sacristy of San Lorenzo which more than all else awes and impresses the beholder. It is the work of Michael

Angelo, and perpetuates not so much the life or memory of any mortal man, as the ideal character born of the kingly genius of the sculptor. It is known as "The Thinker," and by its attitude and expression seems to be the material representation of profound repose; but in that profound repose we know there glows the undying flame of thought; we know and feel that, as from the quiet depths of the lake the sword of Arthur suddenly flashed, so, from the quiet depths of this repose, *action* may at any moment flash to smite or to deliver the world. It is to this silent figure that the reflective mind refers all the greatness, all the power, and all the achievements of Florence. You remember that some years ago the philosopher, Buckle, startled the world by declaring that the number of marriages was regulated, not by affection, not by sentiment, but by the price of flour; and a long array of statistics seemed to prove the truth of the assertion. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that nothing happens in the world of thought which does not, sooner or later, affect the price of flour — that is to say, a new reaping machine, a new song, or a new political theory, is a force which soon makes itself felt in the ordinary, every-day life of every one of us. And so, for the beginning of Lowell, for the original creative force, we must look to the solitary chamber of the thinker, where we see him seated in the very attitude of the sculptor's thinker, absorbed in studying the complicated machinery of the power-loom and the comfort and development of the more complicated machinery of humanity.

If it was wise to stock a factory with the best inanimate machinery, Francis Cabot Lowell thought it wise to obtain the best human machinery, too. The welfare of the operative, mental, moral, and physical, was as im-

portant in any wise man's scheme of a factory as the ten thousand horse-power of the river. The factory system, as then established in this country and in England, was execrable. This was twenty years before Shaftesbury had led public opinion in England to the coal-pit and the factory, and showed how stunted and deformed, how feeble and helpless, how ignorant and depraved, men, women, and children had become under the cruel system followed by selfish employers. The factory system was looked on as accursed, and if the daughters of New England were to run the looms in the new enterprise, a very different system must be adopted. And so the great plan was formulated; the neat, well-kept boarding house, with pleasant, home-like habits and restrictions, was established; the church, the library, and the lecture-room followed; and religion, culture, and refinement lent their sweet influences to the life of toil. A new doctrine was proclaimed: the welfare of the employed was a necessary factor to the success of the employer, just as the welfare of the employer was necessary to the success of the employed. They were one in interest, one in the loss, and one in the gain; one in prosperity and in adversity. Milton tells us of a music so divine that it "would create a soul under the ribs of death." Lowell discovered and applied a principle that created a soul under the ribs of political economy.

The life of this man, counted by years, was short; by results, an eternity. His foot never trod the streets of our city, yet the men whose hearts caught fire from his thought, decided that the Manchester of America should be his monument; but it is not so much a monument to the illustrious dead as it is the active and living creation of the living thought which warmed the soul of

the founder. His life, I say, might seem to reach to eternity; for from that seemingly brief life, as from the fabled statue of Memnon, every sun that rises evokes a melody which cheers and lightens the daily toil of thousands.

But the glowing thought was yet to be taken and beaten and fashioned into action, and there were apt, skilful, and heroic workers ready for this important task. Here come into play the mighty and indefatigable forces of Patrick Tracy Jackson, a man who seems to have had infinite resources, indomitable courage, and exhaustless patience; whose genius, restless and tireless, never hesitated and never allowed itself to be baffled; a man great indeed in prosperity, but in adversity rising to colossal proportions. His powerful and original mind has stamped itself indelibly upon the economy of our industrial life. Not content with the Herculean task of building this city of ours, he surveyed and controlled the building of others. His eagle-eye looked across the Atlantic, kept keen watch on the experiment of George Stephenson, and no sooner had the success of the railroad between Manchester and Liverpool been assured, than Jackson had a charter in his hand and was at work building the railroad from Lowell to Boston.

Close behind Jackson appears another figure, — the commanding figure of Kirk Boott, — the incarnation of executive ability. As this man dashes through the early history of Lowell, there is a rush as of charging squadrons: the clank of saber, the jingle of spurs, and over all the tumult rings the sharp word of command, "Forward!" Lowell heard the word and obeyed, and that glorious command has been ringing in our ears ever since this great captain of industry uttered it to his peaceful battalions. I trust

the command has been obeyed even in this last half-century.

Lowell, Jackson, Boott, — these are the colossal figures of our history belonging to our heroic age, as Theseus, Hercules, and Jason belong to the heroic age of Greece.

And what a remarkable group of workers those were who first stood by the looms of Lowell! Never before in the history of mankind were such dignity, such grace, given to labor. True manhood and true womanhood then and there accepted, not merely with resignation, but with courage, cheerfulness, and hope, the burden and the destiny of the human race. These true men and true women have passed away, a new order of things has been established; but the glory which their lives gave to the morning of Lowell will, through every change, through doubt and adversity, through darkness and fear, still console and encourage their descendants and successors to the "last syllable of recorded time."

With such thinkers, with such controlling minds, and with such workers, it is not surprising that marvelous results were accomplished. Has the quality of the work been kept up to the standard? Let us see. We are to deal especially with the half-century beginning in 1836 and ending at this moment of time, when you are all gathered together here to examine the record. There can be no question, that even in that space of time there has been a great increase in material prosperity. The development has been thorough, harmonious, healthy, and symmetrical. When industry erected a factory, education and religion planted a school-house and a church. Let us glance at a few figures. There is a beauty even in figures, an æsthetic aspect to statistics, as there is to every thing else under the sun. When, on the first

day of April, 1836, His Excellency, Governor Everett, subscribed his name to the legislative act which gave us municipal life, there were in the limits of the new city seventeen thousand six hundred and thirty-three people; to-day, in a period of great business depression, we have in our city, at the lowest estimate, sixty-five thousand souls. The taxable property of Lowell in 1836 was five million two hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty-three dollars; it is now fifty-one million three hundred and eight thousand three hundred and thirty-five dollars. Then, forty million yards of cloth were made here annually; now there are upwards of two hundred and fifty million yards. There are four thousand seven hundred and seventy-six owners of taxable real estate, so that about one to fourteen, including men, women, and children, — and we must not forget that we have eleven thousand school-children, — is the ratio of distribution of real estate in our city. It is true that sixty-five corporations are among these holders of real estate; but it is also true that every stockholder in a corporation may, in a certain sense, be considered a proprietor of real estate. In our savings banks we have twelve million three hundred and eleven thousand dollars, owned by thirty-six thousand five hundred and twenty depositors; an average of three hundred and forty dollars to each depositor. We have upwards of fifty thousand volumes, good, bad, and indifferent, in our libraries; and as for our societies, organized to promote learning, charity, art, social culture, and enjoyment, and every good thing under the sun, their name is Legion.

Now, when Lowell began, the population may be described as homogeneous; they belonged to one race, with the same mode of living, the same habits of thought, the

same religion, and the same patriotic past and future. This state of things, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, has been changed. Exiles from many lands have sought here a larger liberty, and a wider opportunity for securing life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, as my illustrious predecessor, who stood here ten years ago, pointed out, there were great fears about the flood of immigration which poured in upon Lowell. Those fears have proved groundless. You have seen that wonderful work of engineering — that Cylopean wall of Francis' — separating the river and the canal, which most of us know familiarly as the "Canal Walk": a curve of beauty and strength, repressing on one side the wild torrents of the Merrimack, and on the other, guarding and distributing, as industry requires, the orderly, placid, and effective elements of strength, drawn from the same rushing river. In the same way, the wise policy of the makers of Lowell, not discouraging, but controlling, the tide of immigration, drew from it the elements of strength, order, and progress, and made those elements a part of the people, and gave to that part a share of the common prosperity.

Of course our population became cosmopolitan; it represented many races — every part of the British Isles, of Canadian France, and the British Provinces; unified Germany, free Sweden, and free Italy, and even more remote countries — all were and are represented among our people.

There were gloomy prophets, who foresaw the extinction of the ancient and original type. The New-England race was to die out, or be lost sight of in the whelming tide of new-comers. To what a thin line it had been reduced already! Yes, but remember that it was the thin line of an unconquerable army, which might narrow, but could never recoil; of which history must write: "It never dies,

and it never surrenders!" Look through two centuries and a half and observe the little band appointed to reclaim a continent and give new beauty to freedom. Foremost is Miles Standish, the standard-bearer of an indomitable race, planted upon the Rock of Plymouth, and facing, with unquailing eye, the wilderness, the storm, and the future. There is the standard! The countless voices of those who have found protection, liberty, and justice under its folds assure us that there is no blemish, no stain, upon the standard yet. And I say to all, — to those born beneath it and to those who have come from afar to seek its shelter, — There is the standard! Make it more glorious, if you can, but never suffer it, by any deed, or word, or thought of yours, to be tarnished. Bring to the land where it flies the best your nationality has. To one, I say, give us a ray from the wisdom of Grattan, a flash from the patriotic fire of Emmet. To another, come to us glowing with the devotion of La Salle; speak to us as if you had communed with the soul of Montcalm. Let the spirit of Garibaldi inspire *your* every action. Let *your* loyalty and honor be as stainless as the sword of the great Marquis; *your* purpose as high as the heart of Hampden. And if *you* loiter, my Swedish friend, the trumpet-voice of Gustavus shall impel you to the front! In this way these different elements can be harmoniously blended with the ancient and abiding type, to form a splendid composite character made up of every nation's best.

But new Lowell, as we may term it, has actually been put to the test, with a result which would gladden the soul of Captain Standish. Midway in our half-century, — almost precisely twenty-five years ago, — a great national crisis arose. Men's minds were at white heat. The

irrepressible conflict was to be settled by wager of battle. North and South had been moving on to the decisive point. Then, for a moment, suspense fell upon the country. There was a lull, a stillness, that was not peace. The people of Lowell pursued their quiet industry apparently as usual: the bells rang, the looms hummed, and the rush of Pawtucket over its rocky bed was heard in the quiet night. But a deep anxiety prevailed in Lowell, as everywhere else; some great event seemed to be brooding in the air. And Lowell must be on the alert; she had a reputation to make. Concord and Lexington might dream in the shadow of their monuments, and if any ominous sound was heard, they might fancy it was but the midnight march of Pitcairn echoing through their dreams. But the quick ear of Lowell at length caught a sound, faint and far-off, but appalling. Above the sound of bell and loom, and the rush of Pawtucket, was heard the footstep of Rebellion, — Rebellion rising to stupendous proportions, — vast, and dark, and terrible, as Milton's fiend. In this very hall, where you are gathered now, the men of Lowell assembled to bid farewell to kindred and friend before rushing into the wild and bloody tumult which awaited them. That hurried march of theirs proved that the loyal men of America were ready for the conflict; and when the sun set on that day of Baltimore, and the blood of Ladd and Whitney cried to Heaven from her stony streets, loyal America heard the appeal; the drum-beats of the gathering North were heard on every side, and when the next day dawned, a hundred thousand avenging bayonets glistened in the morning sun! From Baltimore to Appomattox the honor of Lowell was upheld, not only by the great leader, whose daring and resolute genius first declared to a hesitating nation the in-

flexible principles on which alone the war with the rebellion could be brought to a successful issue, and who convinced the world that whatever else it might mean, the name of Butler never stood for half-way measures, or a dubious policy — not only by him, I say, but by thousands of brave and true men who, following the colors of one regiment or another, represented Lowell in almost every conflict from Gettysburg to the Gulf, and old Lowell and new Lowell clasped hands in the hour of national peril.

I do not intend to present here any detailed history of Lowell, to narrate events in their order, or to give biographical sketches of men prominent in our municipal life. This work was done so fully and so clearly by the distinguished man who stood ten years ago where I stand now, that I could only follow in his footsteps, as to a great extent I must do now, without the advantage of that personal knowledge which gave authority and character to his testimony. It only remained for me to comment on a few of the great events of our history, — to note as far as possible the permanent features and the chief characteristics of our community.

We have had a strong progressive element, eager-eyed, fresh-hearted, watching for a new idea as men watch for the sunrise, making progress themselves and profiting by the progress of others, ever among the foremost who delight in

> "The march of mind,
> In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind."

One bold spirit projected and built a railroad; another constructed a canal, seized in his strong grasp a careless, idle river, and made it the servant of industry; and another, after converting a barren hillside into a garden

blossoming with graceful households, with one hand assisted in planting the city of Lawrence, and with the other helped to subdue and draw down for our service the free waters of Winnipiseogee. And there were a host of others, who, in every line of human action, were always to be found in the advance column; and the names of Nesmith, Livingston, and Whipple were written on the later era of Lowell, as the names of Lowell, Jackson, and Boott upon the former era.

And we have had, too, a notable conservative element here, cautious, sagacious men, who loved the past and eyed the future with suspicion, looking upon all change as dangerous. This element is not without value to a community. It regulates, though it can not prevent, progress. The system of public schools, the construction of sewers, the introduction of city water, the fire-alarm telegraph, military drill in the High School, — all provoked the violent opposition of this element. It would create a smile if I should read to you now the arguments against some of these beneficial measures. The introduction of city water, it was said, was only arranging for a deluge before we had built an ark; as for the fire-alarm telegraph, it was simply an infernal-machine which might lay the city in ruin and ashes at any moment. A witty friend of mine has a list of the remonstrants against these various improvements; but I doubt whether, if I should read over the names, I should contribute to the harmony of this occasion. But it is so with all improvements, and an improvement which does not provoke opposition can not be of much value. Even wise men must live and learn. Remember the great English statesman, who declared that he would swallow the boiler of the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic! I need not say that

the promise yet remains unfulfilled. But let us have charity for those who were slow to perceive merit in the great projects I have named.

Many shining names are written in the necrology of Lowell for the past few years, — names that stood for honest worth, for benevolence, for lasting services to their fellow-men, — names that gave lustre and character to our various departments of business, to the mill, the bank, and the school, and that seemed in some cases to add even sanctity to the church. Theodore Edson and Nathan Crosby, *par nobile fratrum*, Buttrick, Wentworth, Hosford, Talbot — I will name no more. Your hearts must complete the catalogue. But what a glorious company I might call around me of those who shed the sunlight of their cheerful and worthy lives upon our civic history! The reverend men of God, the scholars, the jurists, the wits, the thinkers, and the workers!

It was in *our* forum that Butler, and Sweetser, and Abbott awoke the admiration and apprehension of Choate; Bonney and Richardson alone are with us, to attest the reality of what seems a legendary age. It was from the pulpits of Lowell that Edson, Miles, Blanchard, and Miner preached. Banks, the bobbin-boy, began here a public career, useful and splendid, seldom vouchsafed to men. The man destined to wake the American people to the thought of liberty for others, as well as for themselves, Wendell Phillips, a careless law-student, dwelt among us once, playing the pranks with which even great men beguile their youth — now satirizing society and now climbing Dracut heights to watch the lighting of the mills, describing the resplendent spectacle in language more resplendent still. The learning and influence of John P. Robinson made him the worthy mark of the first of liv-

ing satirists, the kinsman of our founder — James Russell Lowell — who ought to stand where I stand to-day, making our history shine in the light of his genius.

And what wits and humorists, what minstrels and story-tellers, have filled our half-century with wit and wisdom, hope and recreation, under the guise of frolic and humor! The rubicund face of Perez Fuller rises before us now; "Governor" Brownell, the stateliest of wits, comes with the "majesty of buried Denmark"; Warland, Schouler, Ball, and Goodwin join the circle, and the voice of McEvoy rings above the chimes at midnight; Lucy Larcom and Mary Eastman have been there with poem and speech, but — devotees of propriety — left at ten o'clock, the good old regulation hour!

And there was always a certain gravity, a peculiar somberness, in the humor and wit of Lowell. One or two examples will suffice. In the first contest for the mayoralty, feeling ran high; a grand type of man must be chosen to set the standard for all time (and some of us will stoutly maintain that the standard has never been lowered). Bartlett was elected, and a banquet was given to celebrate the victory. Hilarity rose to a great height, the viands were superb, and the "foaming grape of eastern France" lent its sparkle to the hour. A pious, steady-going citizen, who, among other wares, occasionally dealt in pictures and bibles, had participated in the festivity. When the collector, a wag, called for the assessment, our worthy friend had grave scruples about paying money for such a cause. But a happy thought occurred to the collector — "Pay your share in bibles!" And, although history is silent, malice declares that the compromise was effected.

At a meeting called to take action as to a school sys-

tem, the imperious Kirk Boott was opposed to the measure, and declared that it was folly to incur any expense in its behalf. Lowell was but an experiment, and a traveler visiting the place in a few years might find only a heap of ruins. Theodore Edson replied, that if the traveler examining those ruins found among them no trace of a school-house, he would have no difficulty in assigning the cause of the downfall of Lowell. There is logic and wit enough in that retort to have made the reputation of an English prime minister!

Now I do not pretend to say that this community of ours is perfect. I am not here to flatter — it is not perfect. It is deficient in many respects. It lacks in public spirit. The close, fierce struggle for existence has not been as favorable as might be to broad and liberal projects in the interests of education, charity, philanthropy. Public benefactions have been comparatively few and small. All honor to those who fill that narrow circle of our benefactors, in which Tyler and Thomas Nesmith are most prominent. But we have no library, hospital, art-gallery, or academy, to signalize the wise liberality of any living man, or to commemorate the patient forethought of the dead. We are soon to have a noble park, it is true, planned with judgment and persistence by two devoted women, who wished the memory of their father to be linked forever with the comfort and enjoyment of a toiling people. All honor to them for their good work!

Again, the community lacks in local pride and ambition. Our independent local life needs to be developed. This responsibility falls upon all of us, — upon the tradesman, the clerk, the mechanic, the journalist, the professions. Compared with other places, is our work in every line above or below the standard? Can we stand up,

mechanic, trader, teacher, lawyer, and challenge the world to a comparison? Is there as much purity among our politicians, as much zeal and intelligence among our clergy, as in other places? I fervently trust so. As the clock strikes the closing hour of our first half-century, these questions wait for an answer. I know that the future upon which we are about to enter is dark and lowering. I do not pretend to ignore or underrate the perils gathering round us. I see the social and economic forces thrown into confusion, arraying themselves under this or that banner, and shouting strange war-cries; but I have faith to believe that courage, patience, and intelligence will soon evolve order out of this chaos; that the rights of man and the rights of property will still be safe under the standard of Miles Standish; and that, under the providence of Almighty God, this city of ours, founded upon the noble thought of Francis Cabot Lowell, will stand against every storm, the example and the admiration of all coming time.

Quartet. "Old Folks at Home" . . . *Arr. by Rix.*

APOLLO QUARTET.

Waltz. From "The Black Hussar" . . . *Millocker.*

AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.

Benediction.

THE CHAPLAIN.

Upon the completion of the exercises in the afternoon, the members of the City Government, together with the guests of the city, repaired to Jackson Hall, where preparation had been fully made and a sumptuous collation was indulged in, Mr. Frank E. Shaw acting as caterer.

After supper, His Honor Mayor Abbott was called to the chair, and introduced Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge as toast-master, and a very pleasant time was spent until the hour arrived for the evening exercises.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

City of Lowell.

1836-1886.

EVENING CELEBRATION,

At Huntington Hall, Thursday, April 1, 1886, at 7.30 o'clock.

LEVEE AND RECEPTION.

Music by the American Orchestra,

L. W. HARDY, Director.

COURIER PRESS, LOWELL.

Program.

PART I.

1. GRAND MARCH. "Semi-Centennial" . . . *L. W. Hardy*
   (Composed expressly for this occasion.)
2. OVERTURE. "William Tell" . . . . . *Rossini*
3. CONCERT WALTZ. "Village Swallows" . . . *Strauss*
4. SELECTIONS. "Chimes of Normandy" . . . *Planquette*
5. MEXICAN SERENADE. "Mandolatina" . . . *Langey*

PART II.

1. IDYLLE. "The Forge in the Forest" . . . *Michaelis*
2. MAZURKA CAPRICE. "Blue Violets" . . . *Eilenberg*
3. SELECTIONS. From "The Mikado" . . . . *Sullivan*
4. MUSICAL MELANGE . . . . . *Bættger*
5. GALOP. "Tally Ho!" . . . . . *Bernstein*

Evening Exercises.

THE evening exercises consisted of a levee and reception, which was participated in by a large number of our citizens. The following program was rendered by the American Orchestra.

PART I

Grand March. "SEMI-CENTENNIAL" . . *L. W. Hardy.*

(*Composed expressly for this occasion.*)

Overture. "WILLIAM TELL" . . . . . *Rossini.*

Concert Waltz. "VILLAGE SWALLOWS" . . . *Strauss.*

Selections. "CHIMES OF NORMANDY" . . . *Planquette.*

Mexican Serenade. "MANDOLATINA" . . . *Langey.*

PART II.

Idylle. "THE FORGE IN THE FOREST" . . . *Michaelis.*

Mazurka Caprice. "BLUE VIOLETS" . . *Eilenberg.*

Selections. From "THE MIKADO" . . . . . *Sullivan.*

Musical Melange. . . . . . *Bætger.*

Galop. "TALLY HO!" . . . . . *Bernstein.*

APPENDIX.

Committees.

COMMITTEE.

His Honor, JAMES C. ABBOTT, Mayor.
LAWRENCE J. SMITH, Chairman.

ALDERMEN.

JEREMIAH CROWLEY. JAMES FRANCIS.

COUNCILMEN.

ROSWELL M. BOUTWELL. CHARLES H. RICHARDSON.

CHARLES H. HOBSON, Secretary.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

WILLIAM F. SALMON.
ARTEMAS S. TYLER.
OLIVER E. CUSHING.
THOMAS R. GARITY.
GEORGE A. MARDEN.
SOLON W. STEVENS.
ALBERT A. HAGGETT.
PRESCOTT C. GATES.
WALTER COBURN.
WALTER H. LEIGHTON.
JAMES W. BENNETT.
GEORGE F. LAWTON.

DAVID W. O'BRIEN, Clerk of Committee.

CHIEF MARSHAL.

CHARLES A. R. DIMON.

Aids.

PAUL BUTLER.
EDWARD H. SHATTUCK.
W. E. WESTALL.
JOHN WELCH.
ROBERT E. CROWLEY.
EDWARD ELLINGWOOD.
H. G. O. WEYMOUTH.
ROYAL W. GATES.
JAMES A. CARNEY.
J. H. CARMICHAEL.
A. W. DAVID.
E. B. CONANT.
CHARLES F. BLANCHARD.
HENRY V. HUSE.

W. W. TUTTLE.

Guests of the City.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AMES.
HON. C. C. DAME,
Mayor of Newburyport.
HON. JOHN S. PARSONS,
Mayor of Gloucester.
HON. GEO. D. HART,
Mayor of Lynn.
HON. JOHN M. RAYMOND,
Mayor of Salem.
ALEXANDER K. BRUCE,
Mayor of Somerville.
FREDERICK FOSDICK,
Mayor of Fitchburg.
JOHN J. WHIPPLE,
Mayor of Brockton.
CHARLES F. STONE,
Mayor of Waltham.
HON. AMBROSE LAWRENCE,
Ex-mayor of Lowell.
REV. DR. MINER, of Boston,
Formerly pastor of the Second Universalist Church in Lowell.
GEN. M. T. DONOHOE.
HON. A. R. BROWN.
E. A. ALGER, ESQ.
JAMES PAYNE, ESQ.
IGNATIUS TYLER.
ARTHUR T. LYMAN.
MOSES G. HOWE, ESQ.
HERBERT PARKER.
JONATHAN KIMBALL, ESQ.
L. W. FAULKNER.
GEORGE W. GATES.
A. B. WRIGHT.
BENJAMIN DEAN.
ISAAC L. MORSE.
J. H. MIVOLEES.
L. H. RANSOME.

Letters from Invited Guests.

FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DEERFOOT FARM,
SOUTHBOROUGH, 25th Jan., 1886.

L. J. SMITH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — I am very sorry to say that it will not be in my power to accept the invitation with which the City Council of Lowell have honored me. I have already made my arrangements for a visit of three or four months to Europe, and shall be on my way before the date of your celebration.

Begging you to accept my thanks for the kind terms in which you have conveyed the invitation of the Committee, and to make my thanks and regrets acceptable to the gentlemen composing it,

I remain, dear sir,

Respectfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

FROM JUDGE ABBOTT.

317 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE,
BOSTON, 30th Jan., 1886.

My dear Mr. Smith, — I wish, through you, to say to the Committee of my old neighbors and fellow-citizens of

Lowell, how sincerely grateful and honored I feel by the distinguished compliment they have conferred upon me, by inviting me to deliver an address at the coming semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the city of Lowell.

I have spent many years, among the happiest of my life, in your city, and with it are connected the pleasantest as well as the saddest memories.

Your semi-centennial anniversary stands wholly different from that of other towns and cities which have grown up in the present century.

Many towns and cities no doubt have made greater progress in wealth and population in the last half-century, especially where they have been nourished by the almost boundless resources and fertility of the great West. Such places are among the best witnesses to our energy, resources, and power. But, in the case of Lowell, there is something more.

Lowell marks the beginning of an epoch in the history, not only of New England, but of the whole country. With the foundations of Lowell were laid the foundations of the manufacturing industry of the country.

And from the first start Lowell has known no backward progress. She has always maintained her position in the forefront. All connected with Lowell — and I count myself one — may well feel proud of her position.

I should have been glad to address my fellow-citizens on so pleasant an occasion, if it had been within my power. But on looking over my engagements, I find it utterly impossible to give the time I should require to prepare such an address as I should wish to make to the audience I should meet. I find, too, that I am under an engagement which will probably take me out of the

State at the time fixed. I must, therefore, very regretfully, decline the honor you have conferred on me.

Again thanking you and the Committee for their kindness, I am,

Faithfully,

Your friend and servant,

J. G. ABBOTT.

FROM GOVERNOR ROBINSON.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, March 23, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ., Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sir, — By your favor I have received the invitation of the Committee on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell, to be present on Thursday, the first day of April next. While expressing to you, for the Committee, my cordial acknowledgment of the courtesy extended, I regret to say that public duties and engagements will compel me to decline.

Extending my best wishes for the greatest enjoyment and success on the occasion named,

I am yours very respectfully,

GEO. D. ROBINSON.

FROM LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AMES.

47 Equitable Building,
Boston, March 17, 1886.

Chas. H. Hobson, Esq., Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sir, — I have great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the Committee to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell.

Yours very truly,

OLIVER AMES.

FROM STATE TREASURER BEARD.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Treasury Department,
Boston, March 24, 1886.

Chas. H. Hobson, Esq., Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sir, — I am requested by the Treasurer to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to participate in, and be present at, your celebration on the 1st proximo, and to express his sincere regrets that a severe and serious illness, which has confined him to his house for some weeks, will not permit his acceptance of your hospitality.

Very truly yours,

A. W. BEARD, Treasurer.

by John Q. Adams, clerk.

FROM MAYOR O'BRIEN.

CITY OF BOSTON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, March 31, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ., Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sir, — I have delayed answering your kind invitation to be present at the exercises held to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of your city, in the hope that the pressure of business might relax sufficiently to enable me to accept it.

I find that such is not the case, and I am therefore reluctantly compelled to decline the invitation, and forego the pleasure of witnessing the ceremonies.

Trusting that the celebration may be a grand success,

I remain,

Yours, truly,

HUGH O'BRIEN.

FROM EX-MAYOR JOHN A. G. RICHARDSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 26, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sir, — Your kind invitation to be present on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell was duly received.

I regret that I am obliged to forego the pleasure which would be afforded me by its acceptance. Neither time nor distance can ever efface the memory of happy years spent in the city of my birth.

As I look back upon the years that are past, most vividly do I recall the scenes of childhood, youth, and manhood; the many changes which have taken place and the events which have transpired.

I should enjoy participating in the ceremonies if it were possible, and hope it may be a pleasant and memorable occasion to all.

Thanking you for your invitation,

I remain,

Yours, very truly,

JOHN A. G. RICHARDSON.

FROM JUDGE WM. S. GARDNER.

NEWTON, MASS., March 22, 1886.

MR. CHAS. H. HOBSON, Secretary, Lowell:

My dear Sir, — I am in receipt of your very kind invitation, in behalf of the Committee on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell, to attend the exercises on that occasion, the 1st of April next. I regret that official duties will prevent my presence.

As many of my early and happiest associations are inseparably connected with the city of Lowell, it is with great reluctance that I am compelled to decline your invitation. Pléase extend to the members of your Committee my sincere thanks for their remembrance,

And believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

WM. S. GARDNER.

FROM BISHOP W. R. HUNTINGTON.

New York, March 27, 1886.

Chas. H. Hobson, Esq., Secretary:

My dear Sir,—If it were possible for me to get away from my professional duties, which just at this time are unusually pressing, I should have very great pleasure in attending the celebration to be held in Lowell next week.

Aside from my own personal recollections of Lowell as the home of my childhood and early youth, I cherish, and shall always cherish, towards the people of the place the warmest feelings of affection, on account of the loyal attachment manifested by them towards my father during the many years that he went in and out among them, healing their sick and not forgetful of their poor.

Wishing success to the celebration, I am, my dear sir,

Most truly yours,

W. R. HUNTINGTON.

FROM REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER, D. D.

Natick, Mass., March 26, 1886.

Mr. Chas. H. Hobson:

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your invitation to be present at Lowell's fiftieth anniversary.

So much of my ministerial life has been associated with your goodly city that it would afford me great pleasure to be present on that occasion. But my duties so crowd upon me, at present, that I shall be obliged to deny myself that satisfaction.

Yours, etc.,

DANIEL DORCHESTER.

FROM REV. A. A. MINER, D. D.

528 Columbus Avenue,
Boston, March 25, 1886.

Chas. H. Hobson, Secretary:

My dear Sir, — Extraordinaries excepted, it will give me great pleasure to accept your invitation to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of your city on April 1st.

Yours, truly,

A. A. MINER.

FROM REV. HENRY A. MILES, D. D.

Hingham, Mass., March 25, 1886.

Chas. H. Hobson, Esq.:

Dear Sir, — As I shall not be able to go to Lowell on your intended celebration, I must at least thank you for your invitation "to be the guest of the city" on that occasion.

I went to Lowell a few months after the inauguration of the city government. So far as I know, I am the only survivor of the then circle of professional men, and of the agents of the corporations, who gave such success and reflected such honor upon the infant city. For the last thirty years or so Lowell has not been my abode, but I have marked its career with an ever-affectionate interest.

At the close of the first year of Elisha Bartlett's service as mayor, I remember rallying him a little because

he had not signalized his administration by the suppression of any riot or rebellion. I have often since recalled his appropriate reply: "No," said he, "and there need never be any disturbance of the public peace where there is strict justice to all parties."

The history of your city is a confirmatory comment on these words. It has had a difficult rôle to act, steering between the power of the corporations on the one hand, and the demands of the citizens on the other. In the present troubled times of conflict between labor and capital, the peaceable condition of Lowell has justly attracted wide notice and praise. This, of course, is not altogether owing to municipal guidance. The wise plans of the early founders of Lowell have largely contributed to this result. It was their constant endeavor to make operatives owners of stock in the companies and depositors in the savings institutions. There would have been fewer strikes in our country if there were everywhere like unity of interest. May the lesson never be forgotten in Lowell, and may it be remembered in other places!

With great regard, I am

Yours, sincerely,

HENRY A. MILES.

FROM HON. EDWIN A. ALGER.

BOSTON, MASS., March 16, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ., Secretary, Lowell, Mass.:

My dear Sir, — Your letter, in behalf of the Committee on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incor-

poration of the city of Lowell, extending to me an invitation to be present on that occasion, which is to occur on the 1st of April next, is before me.

I have to say that I most cordially accept the invitation, and will be present as desired.

Please extend to the Committee my thanks for this invitation, and more especially the kind consideration which prompted it, and believe me,

Yours, very truly,

EDWIN A. ALGER.

FROM A. B. WRIGHT, ESQ.

BOSTON, MASS., March 30, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ., Secretary:

Dear Sir,—Please convey my thanks to the Committee on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Lowell, for the kind invitation extended to be present on that occasion. It affords me great pleasure to say that I gladly accept.

My long residence in Lowell, commencing in April, 1826, and ending in 1869, has endeared its people to me far beyond my power of expression. I could say many things of a reminiscent character concerning places and events connected with the city; but as the occasion will bring forth, doubtless, a large number of recitals of that character, I will not extend this reply to the invitation of the Committee by giving any of my recollections concerning the city.

Lowell began its charter existence only fourteen years after that of Boston, and was the third city in the State in its order of incorporation, being only one week behind Salem. The city of Lowell has a record of fifty years, taken in all its parts, whether as regards its government, its officials, or its citizens, of which she may feel justly proud.

Yours, respectfully,

A. B. WRIGHT.

FROM ALVAN CLARK, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., March 27, 1886.

My dear Sir, — I was the first man ever married in the town of Lowell, and my wife still lives. Our first child, who has long been my business partner, was born there. Sixty years ago I had excellent and dear friends there, and have ever since cherished a lively interest in them and in the city of Lowell.

I should rejoice to be present on such an occasion as the first of April is to bring you, but I have reached my eighty-third year, and need rest.

Most respectfully yours,

ALVAN CLARK.

FROM CHARLES FLETCHER, ESQ.

BOSTON, MASS., March 29, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — Your invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of your city was received

last Saturday, and in reply would say that I duly appreciate the honor.

It would give me pleasure to be present on the occasion, as I have always felt much interest in that place, being a direct descendant of one of the ancient families of the old town of Chelmsford, now included in the city of Lowell. My father was born on the farm adjoining the city farm. My grandfather Robert, and great-grandfather William, owned and lived on it.

I lived in what is the city about two years, — 1826 and 1827, — and was at the second annual town-meeting, of which Mr. Kirk Boott was moderator, and Mr. Samuel A. Coburn was town-clerk. I have been in Lowell much since that time, and have seen its progress.

I was born in Wilton, N. H., July 6, 1800, so you perceive I am quite advanced in life, but able to do something in the Directory Office at present.

My hearing is very poor, so that I could understand but little that was said at the meeting, and my enjoyment would be much less than if not deprived of that important sense.

Our Fletcher Family Re-union is to be held in Lowell, the latter part of August next, and, if living and able, I shall wish to meet them again.

After these considerations, I have concluded it best to deny myself the pleasure of attending your celebration. I hope you will all enjoy the meeting, and that the people and business of Lowell may continue to prosper in the future as in the past.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Most respectfully yours,

CHAS. FLETCHER.

FROM GEO. E. FRANCIS, ESQ.

WORCESTER, MASS., May 31, 1886.

CHAS. H. HOBSON, ESQ., Secretary:

Dear Sir, — I very much regret that it is out of my power to be present at the anniversary exercises, and that I cannot accept the hospitality of my native city on that interesting occasion.

With many thanks for your courtesy, I remain

Very truly yours,

GEORGE E. FRANCIS.

Members of the City Government.

FROM 1836 TO 1886, INCLUSIVE.

MAYORS.

Abbott, James C., 86.
Ayer, James H. B., 51.
Bancroft, Jefferson, 46, 47, 48.
Bartlett, Elisha, 36, 37.
Cook, James, 59.
Donovan, John J., 83, 84.
Folsom, Jonathan P., 69, 70.
French, Josiah B., 49, 50.
Greenhalge, Frederic T., 80, 81.
Hosford, Hocum, 62, 63, 64.
Huntington, Elisha, 39, 40, 41, 44, 45, 52, 56, 58.
Jewett, Francis, 73, 74, 75.
Lawrence, Ambrose, 55.
Lawrence, Luther, 38, 39.
Mack, Sewall G., 53, 54.
Mansur, Stephen, 57.
Noyes, Edward J., 85.
Peabody, Josiah G., 65, 66, 72.
Richardson, George F., 67, 68.
Richardson, John A. G., 78, 79.
Runels, George, 82.
Sargeant, Benjamin C., 60, 61.
Sherman, Edward F., 71.
Stott, Charles A., 76, 77.
Wright, Nathaniel, 42, 43.

ALDERMEN.

Abbott, James C., 80.
Adams, John R., 40, 41.
Aiken, John, 37, 41.
Alger, Edwin A., 58, 62, 63.
Allen, Otis, 63.
Ames, Seth, 36, 37, 40.
Ashworth, Sager, 61.
Austin, William, 36.
Ayer, Frederick, 71.
Ayer, James H. B., 49, 50.
Bancroft, Jefferson, 41, 42.
Bancroft, Selwing, 44, 45, 46.
Barker, Horace R., 77, 78, 79.
Battles, Frank F., 70, 71.
Beard, Ithamar A., 42.
Bedlow, Joseph, 40, 49, 50, 52.
Belden, Charles F., 76.
Blanchard, C. F., 54.
Brackett, Shadrach R., 55.
Bragdon, George, 47.

Brooks, Artemas L., 49, 55.
Brown, Darius C., 59.
Brown, Joseph S., 74, 75.
Brown, Samuel A., 66.
Brown, William, 65.
Brown, William D., 85.
Brownell, George, 38, 49.
Bryant, Mertoun C., 62.
Bullens, Joseph M., 52, 53.
Burbank, Samuel, 52, 56.
Burke, William A., 62, 63.
Butterworth, Samuel D., 81, 86.
Butterfield, Joseph, 45, 47.
Buttrick, Abner W., 67.

Carleton, George H., 38, 39, 41.
Carll, Francis, 76.
Carter, Daniel, 49.
Caswell, Alonzo F., 74.
Chase, Samuel A., 75.
Chellis, Seth, 37, 38, 41.
Cheney, George S., 69.
Child, Linus, 47.
Clark, John, 39.
Cobb, Thaddeus S., 84.
Coburn, Charles B., 56, 67, 68.
Coburn, Charles H., 80.
Coburn, Joseph V. B., 52, 53, 54.
Conant, O. J., 56.
Converse, Joshua, 51, 59.
Cooper, Isaac, 46.
Crombie, Daniel D., 49, 50.
Crowley, Jeremiah, 73, 74, 77, 78, 84, 86.
Cumnock, Alexander G., 72.
Cushing, George S., 82.
Cushing, Oliver E., 85.
Cutler, Lucius A., 51.

Dalton, John C., 45, 46.
Dana, David, 48.
Dimon, Charles A. R., 79.
Dobbins, William, 73.
Dodge, Charles W., 66.
Dodge, Joseph M., 58.
Donohoe, Peter H., 84.
Douglas, Erastus, 48.
Dudley, Albion J., 66, 67, 68.

Farr, Alpha B., 72, 73.
Farrington, Isaac, 73.
Fenno, James, 47.
Fifield, George W., 83, 84.
Fiske, William, 51, 52, 55.
Fletcher, Horatio, 54.
Fletcher, Miles J., 83, 84.
Folsom, Jonathan P., 59, 61, 62, 73.
Francis, James, 85, 86.
Francis, James B., 49, 50, 62, 63, 64.
French, Amos B., 70, 71.
French, Benjamin F., 38, 39.
French, Cyril, 41, 42, 43, 49.
Frost, Abner, 55, 60.
Frye, Frederick, 68.

Gardner, William S., 60, 61.
Garity, Thomas R., 81, 82.
Gates, Josiah, 65, 66.
Gerry, Gustavus A., 72.
Goodwin, John A., 75, 76.
Goulding, Robert, 79.
Gove, Dana B., 64, 65.
Graves, Jacob, 48.
Graves, John W., 42.
Gray, William C., 46.
Green, John O., 39.
Griffin, Joseph, 43, 44.

Haggett, Albert A., 71, 76.
Hardy, Philip, 50, 51.
Hartwell, James D., 80, 85.
Hildreth, Charles L., 68, 69, 70.
Hildreth, Henry A., 76.
Hill, Paul, 59.
Hooke, Henry M., 66.
Hosford, Hocum, 61, 67.
Howe, Charles F., 79.
Howe, Henry C., 71, 72.
Howe, John F., 59, 85.
Howe, Lorenzo G., 55, 59, 60.
Hubbard, John Q. A., 69, 70.
Huntington, Elisha, 47, 53, 54.
Huntoon, George L., 74.
Hutchinson, Samuel K., 53, 54.

Jewett, Francis, 68, 69.
Jewett, Jeremiah P., 58.
Johnson, Henry C., 43.
Johnson, Jonathan, 56, 57.
Johnston, William S., 55.

Kelley, William, 72.
Kendall, Jonathan, 74.
Kimball, Charles H., 77.
Kittredge, Joseph G., 37.
Knapp, Daniel, 45, 46.

Ladd, Jonathan, 59.
Lamson, Edwin, 80.
Latham, Cyrus H., 64, 65, 69.
Lawrence, Ambrose, 51, 59.
Lilley, Charles S., 79.
Livingston, William, 42.
Livingston, William E., 67, 68.

Mack, Sewall G., 47, 58.
Manahan, Samuel T., 59, 60, 61.
Mansur, Aaron, 36.
Mansur, Stephen, 40, 47, 53.
McNeill, William T., 64, 65.
Mixer, John, 50.
Morse, William G., 60, 61.

Nesmith, John, 57.
Newman, William, 48.
Nichols, Gilman N., 48.
Nichols, William, 63.
Norris, George W., 64, 65.
North, Frederick T., 72.
North, William, 51, 52.
Nourse, Francis H., 57.
Nute, Andrew T., 55, 57.

Owen, James, 75.

Park, Robert, 77, 78.
Parker, William H., 67.
Patch, Benjamin, 72.
Peabody, Josiah G., 50.
Penniman, George F., 85, 86.
Pevey, Abiel, 58, 63.
Pevey, John M., 68.
Phillips, John F., 82, 83, 85, 86.
Pillsbury, Harlin, 40, 43.
Pinkham, George E., 77.
Plimpton, Albert B., 66.
Pollard, Joseph S., 78, 79.
Prescott, D. Moody, 82, 83.
Puffer, Stephen B., 77, 78, 86.
Putnam, Addison, 70, 71.

Quinn, Edward B., 84.

Rand, James H., 56.
Ready, Ambrose L., 81.
Rice, Edward C., 67, 68.
Richardson, Alden B., 75.
Richardson, Charles H., 80, 81.
Richardson, Daniel S., 48.
Richardson, George F., 64.
Rogers, Jacob, 75, 76.
Rolfe, Abiel, 51.
Runels, George, 64, 73.

Salmon, William F., 71.
Sanborn, Nathaniel C., 74, 78.
Sargent, Joseph L., 66, 67.
Sawtell, Josiah, 47, 48.
Sawyer, Jacob H., 73.
Scripture, George E., 78, 79.
Scribner, George F., 78, 79.
Scripture, Isaac F., 62, 63, 80, 81.
Shedd, Freeman B., 84.
Sherman, Edward F., 70.
Smith, George B., 82, 83.
Silver, Harvey, 58.
Sleeper, Charles W., 82.
Smith, Henry, 44, 45, 46.
Smith, John W., 71.
Smothers, Jonathan, 57.
Southwick, John R., 66, 67.
Southworth, William S., 64.
Spalding, Ira, 53, 54.
Spalding, Sidney, 43.
Sperry, Charles, 54.
Sprague, Levi, 81.
Stanley, George E., 76, 77, 85, 86.
Stevens, Alpha, 52, 53.
Stevens, George, 73, 74.
Stickney, Samuel W. 57, 58.
Stiles, Julius, 81.
Stott, Charles A., 69, 70.
Swan, Charles A. F., 73.
Swan, Joshua, 37.

Tapley, Joseph, 36.
Thomas, Robert J., 83, 84.
Thurston, Nathaniel, 42.
Tilden, Charles L., 38, 39, 43.
Townsend, James, 50, 51.
Tuck, Edward, 56, 59, 73.

Tuttle, John B., 57.
Tyler, Jonathan, 40.
Tyler, Silas, Jr., 68.

Varney, Samuel J., 52, 59.

Waite, Aldis L., 61, 62.
Walker, Benjamin, 36.
Walker, Benjamin, 72, 74, 75.
Walker, George P., 77.
Watson, Edward F., 44, 45, 60, 65.
Watson, James, 60, 61.
Webster, William P., 56.
Welch, John, 82, 83.
Wheeler, Albert, 58, 62, 63.
Whipple, Oliver M., 36, 38, 39, 44, 45, 48.
White, Joseph, 53, 54.
Whitney, David, 61.
Whittaker, David, 82, 83.
Wiggin, William H., 76.
Wilder, Charles H., 56.
Wilder, Henry H., 60, 65, 69.
Wood, Robert, 80, 81.
Woodward, Daniel, 55.
Woodward, John C., 57.
Wright, Alexander, 36, 37.
Wright, Atwill F., 80.
Wright, Daniel, 86.
Wright, Hapgood, 56, 69, 70, 75.
Wright, John, 44.
Wright, William A., 82.

COUNCILMEN.

Abbott, Joel A., 74, 75.
Abbott, Joshua, 37.
Adams, Joel, 47.
Adams, Jonathan, 45.
Adams, Sylvanus, 40.
Aiken, John, 49.
Allen, Nathan, 57.
Allen, Otis, 43, 48.
Allen, Otis L., 47, 48.
Ambrose, Joseph M., 78, 79.
Anderson, William H., 68, 69.
Appleton, Isaac, 42.
Ashworth, George L., 83, 84.
Atherton, Abel T., 71, 72.
Avery, John, 48.
Avery, John, 2d, 58.
Ayer, Abel M., 61.
Ayer, James C., 63.

Bachelder, David S., 47.
Badger, George W., 68, 69.
Baker, William, 37, 38.
Balch, Daniel, 45, 46.
Bancroft, Jefferson, 39, 40.
Barnard, William, 58, 59.
Barnes, Horace B., 82.
Baron, Jacob, 61, 66.
Bartlett, Robert G., 78, 79.
Bartlett, Stephen, 55.
Bass, William, 73.
Bates, Wilbur L., 80.
Battles, Cyrus, 43.
Battles, Joseph, 40.
Baxter, Henry J., 36, 38, 39, 43.
Beck, Samuel, 61.
Belden, Charles F., 72, 73.
Bennett, George A., 83, 84.
Bennett, James W., 76, 77.
Bennett, John, 55.
Benson, William T., 79, 80.
Bird, Andrew, 37.
Bixby, Daniel, 43.
Blake, Jesse, 58, 59.
Blanchard, Amos A., 71, 72.
Blanchard, C. F., 53.
Blanchard, William D., 59, 61.
Blodgett, Orlando, 77, 78.
Blood, Andrew, 58.
Blood, Orford R., 75, 76.
Bohonan, Morrill M., 60, 61.
Bonney, Milton, 52, 53.
Boutwell, Roswell M., 86.
Bowers, Francis H., 41.
Bowers, Jonathan, 36, 46.
Bowers, Jonathan, 53, 54.
Boyden, Erastus, 57, 58.

Brabrook, Joseph A., 58.
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